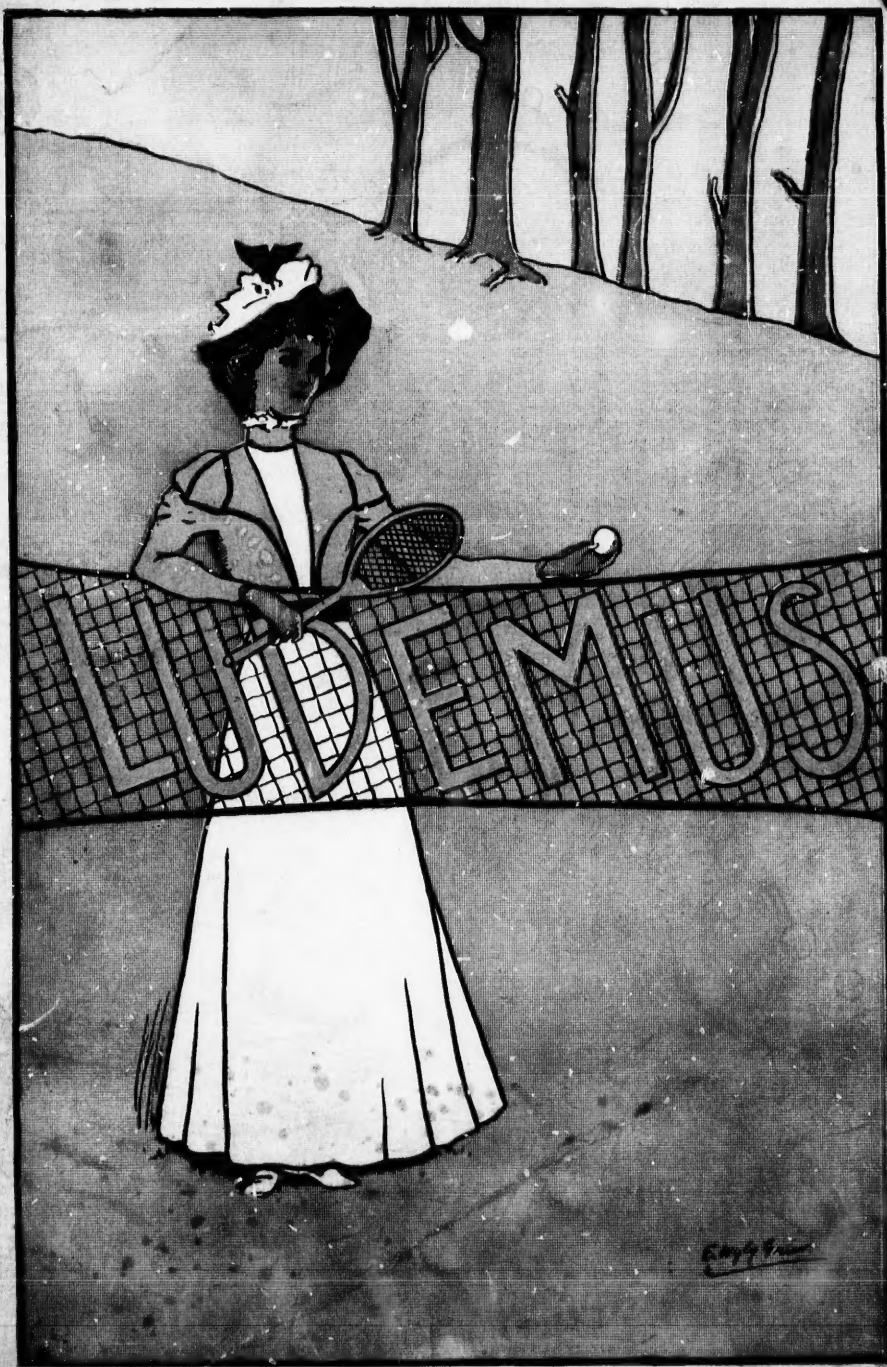
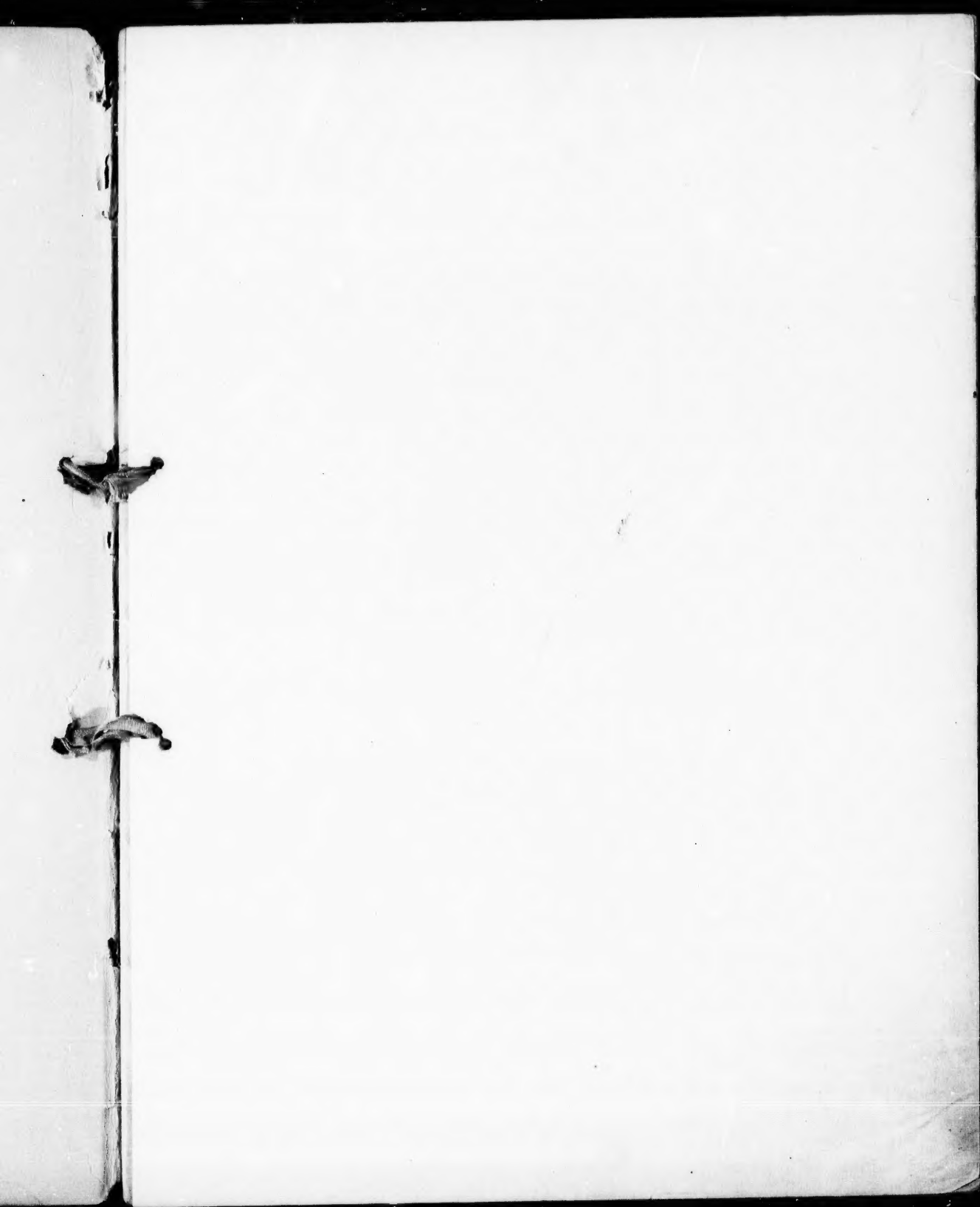




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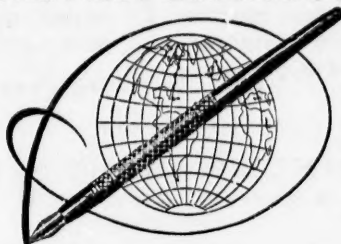


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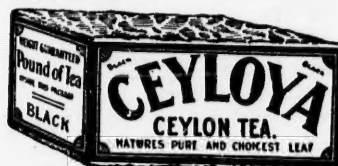
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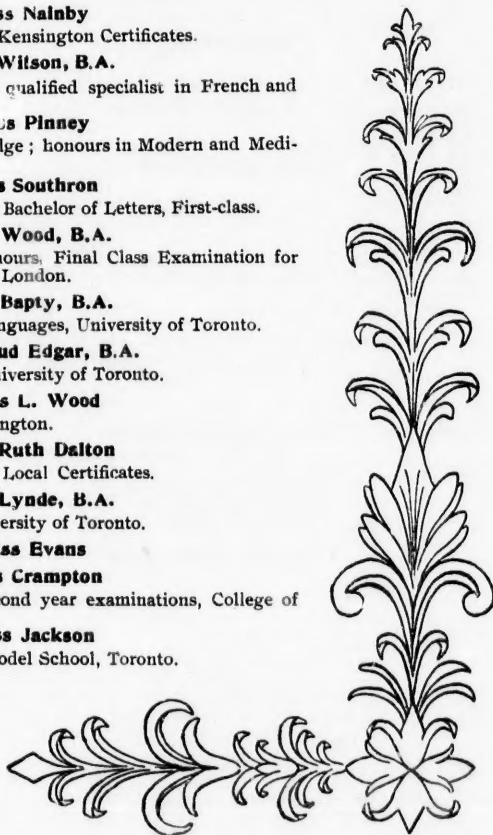
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Editorial.

NOW it befell on a sunny day, in that sunny month y-clept May, some three years ago, there was born into this fair Dominion a little duckling—a *very* little duckling; Many were glad at his birth—for we looked to the day when he should be great and strong and beautiful—our own “little brother” grown big—reflex of our best and helping us on to better still: through whom we could join hands,—we who have embarked on the deeper river, those who are still romping in the rippling brook.

But even little brothers cannot live and grow without “proper food”—we have all forgotten to feed him—and see how thin he is, how weak! Yet he is still alive, and if we love him and care for him, next year he will delight our hearts with his strong and lusty growth. Only we *must* care!

The which is an allegory.

Play! Play! Play?

I.



WHEN you've finished all your lessons,
When you've written to a line
All the notes that you intend this eve to write,
Will you kindly put your name upon this little card
of mine,

And be present in the drawing-room to-night?

I'm a very bad performer and my weaknesses are great
But the audience would take me as they find me

Had I not a fencing lesson in the gym. this eve at eight,
So please ask the girls who are coming up behind me.

Some girl, one girl, any girl at all,
Seniors, babes or mistresses, it's all the same to-day,

Each and every one I'm sure will answer to the call,
Will troop into the drawing-room, and play, play, play.

II.

There are prodigies by dozens much too shy to sing or play,

And there are those who have their music in the pound;
There are those whose stern instructors do all unite to say

That they this term must utter not a sound.

Elocutionists in nations are trooping through the hall

And you'd think you'd only need to send to find 'em,

But when you come to grab them they have vanished one and all

And the rest have left their violins behind 'em:

Sharp pains, dull pains, in hands or feet or head,

Wounds or aches or practising or "played the other day;"

An order from Miss Nainby to "go at once to bed"

Or else I'd bring my mandolin and play, play, play!

Ski-ing by a Novice.



WHAT a glorious day! The sky was a brilliant blue, the air crisp and dry and still, so still that one hardly realized that the thermometer stood barely four degrees above zero. There had been a heavy fall of snow and the pines and hemlocks were drooping their branches and hanging their graceful heads, bowed by the weight of their snowy crowns.

How could one spend a moment in-doors! But a few minutes were needed to don heavy short skirts and fur caps, and to tie red scarves about our waists, and last, but not least, to pull heavy red mits over our coat-sleeves up to our elbows, and we were ready to brave all the perils of ski-ing.

To add to the keenness of our expectation we had with us a novice at the sport, a young officer trying to forget the heat of India in Canadian snows. We explained to him the simplicity of the sport. All that is necessary is to stand on a pair of wooden shoes, some six feet long and four inches wide, to balance one's self by means of a pole like a tight-rope walker, and—the hill does the rest.

The sleigh-bells jingled merrily as we drove out of the town along the cliff overhanging the frozen river, then through woods of evergreen trees, whose snow-laden branches sparkled as if covered with diamonds. Soon we both heard and spied a group of men and maidens, some skimming like birds down the steep hill towards the river and winding dexterously in and out among the trees, while others chose a more open and gradual slope for their manoeuvres.

We strapped on our skis and gained the summit of the hill, by a curious sideways movement, delayed in one case by many backslidings and ejaculatory remarks. But the worst hill has a crest, and finally our novice stood there, gently propelling himself towards the slope. Then as he realized that effort on his part was no longer necessary a look of seraphic joy spread over his countenance. Alas! this soon changed to a surprised and pained expression, as he swayed to and fro in a wild endeavor to regain his equilibrium, then shot head first into a snow-drift. But his troubles were only beginning. The snow was three feet deep. He tried to raise himself by his hands, as if on terra firma, but the treacherous snow yielded and buried his arms to

the shoulder. He groaned aloud and the spectators applauded. Then with superhuman efforts he rolled on to his back, but his six-foot shoes refused to pass one another, and his legs became so knotted together that he could not tell which foot was which. He was a proud man, but he called for help. In vain he pleaded. We were shod as he was, and our feet were longer than our arms, and much larger than our hearts. Finally by a difficult gymnastic feat he gained a sitting posture, from whence he could reach his feet. The key to the puzzle was found. By bending his knee and resting his hand on the back part of his ski, with many struggles he regained an upright position. Hardly had he done so when the skis resumed their downward journey, but backwards this time. With a sickly smile he waved his hand, then vanished, two kicking feet surmounted by a pair of narrow toboggans marking the spot.

We dug him out and drove him home, well wrapped up in rugs. The heat of India had been well thawed out, and he departed with a lofty opinion of the wonderful daring and skill of Canadian girls.

CHOCTAW.

The Parkdale Girls.



WHEN it's stormy outside,
The girls that reside
Three, four, five, or six miles from town,
Arise with the lark,
Not far from High Park,
And ten minutes late gallop down.

But ye boarders who grin
At the "lates" trooping in,
Are oft in a more sorry plight;
For *you* can't get away
Sharp at three every day,
And do what you like every night.!

L. M. BRYAN.



H.A.V.E.R.G.A.L.
Havergal. Havergal. rah, rah, rah!

The Bells (After Poe).



HEAR that *awful* rising bell,
Dismal bell !

What a world of agony its racket doth fore-
tell ;

How it rings, and rings, and rings,
In the small hours of the night,
While each girl feels on springs,
And screams in loud affright,
At the birrr, birrr, birrr that so terribly wells,
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells.

Hear the welcome dinner bell—
Nice old bell !

What a spread of grub its music doth foretell ;
How we love to hear its notes
As on hungry ears it floats,
And we rush down to the Hall,
And we wonder, one and all,
If it's beef, or lamb, or curry,
But we get there in a hurry,
While the bell, bell, bell
Still its harmony doth tell.

Hear the tired bed-time bell,
Sleepy bell,
And we're glad to hear it ring,
For we know that it will bring
" Study over girls ! "
And we shake our drowsy curls,
And we get up from our chairs,
And we stumble up the stairs,
And we're glad the day is done
In spite of lots of fun.
And we hear no more old bells
Bells, bells, bells, bells.

H. HANINGTON.

Good-bye.



HERE are always turning points in people's lives which stand out like mile-posts with their two great arms pointing backward and forward. One of the mile-posts which is most eagerly looked for is called "leaving school" but, lo ! when at length after "long days of labour," we attain our desideratum and are told that our school-days are over and a new life is now open to us, we feel inclined to echo the complaint of the musician and say :—

"Never to be again ! But many more of the kind
As good, nay, better perchance : is this your comfort to me ?"

When the time comes we do not wish to leave school. We remember that we are leaving many happy, careless days behind us, and that, henceforward, we are bound to play a more important part on life's stage.

As the last days draw near one of our chief regrets is that it is not likely that we shall all ever be together again, but let us remember "Die Menschen sind nicht nur zusammen wenn sie beisammen sind." Although we are leaving school and our companions will be scattered we can still hear about them and take an interest in them and in all their doings.

And, after all, the world is but a small place and we are sure to meet many of them again. The true friendships we have formed at school will always last. Emerson says "When friendships are real, they are not glass threads nor frost-work, but the solidest things we know." Therefore, they will not be broken even if we should never see our friends again.

How blue we feel when we think of all the things that are "never to be again." Never again to see the "Cherub's" smiling face and golden curls appear at the school-room door to inquire for the "teacher on dooty"

Never again to make a mad rush to the table to see if the mail is out yet (does one ever enjoy letters so much anywhere else as at school ?)

Never again to have jolly sleigh drives, exciting hockey matches, fencing in the once dimly-lighted, now brilliantly-illuminated gymnasium, nor that delight of school girls' hearts, suppers, at which pickles and soda biscuits are the chief edibles. Oh, how sad it is, and not even does the fact "it will be all the same a hundred years hence" serve to console us.

But—there are compensations. If we have no more supper parties, neither is our joy dampened by receiving bad marks, nor, "mirabile dictu," is it impressed upon our notice that there are people who can roar them gently as sucking doves in order to remind us that our work has been neglected.

As we look forward into the unknown future, we realize with gratitude, that in the years which we have spent at school, we have been trained to fight life's battle more nobly and have been taught that to live a good life is more important than to become famous or great. We cannot express our feelings towards those who have worked so hard for us and have ever set us such a noble example, other than by trying to show in our lives that we have profited by their teaching.

War.



AILY our soldier boy left us,
Gaily he marched to the war,
The banners of England wave o'er
him,
The wild, martial music before.

How well I remember the morning,
That bright autumn morning so gay,
When Nature, full drest, seemed applauding
The act of our country that day.

How many were the aching hearts
That bade their boys good-bye,
And even now that music starts
The sight before my eye.

And, even now, that music
The awful sight reveals
Of the conquerors home returning,
'Midst shout and merry peals.

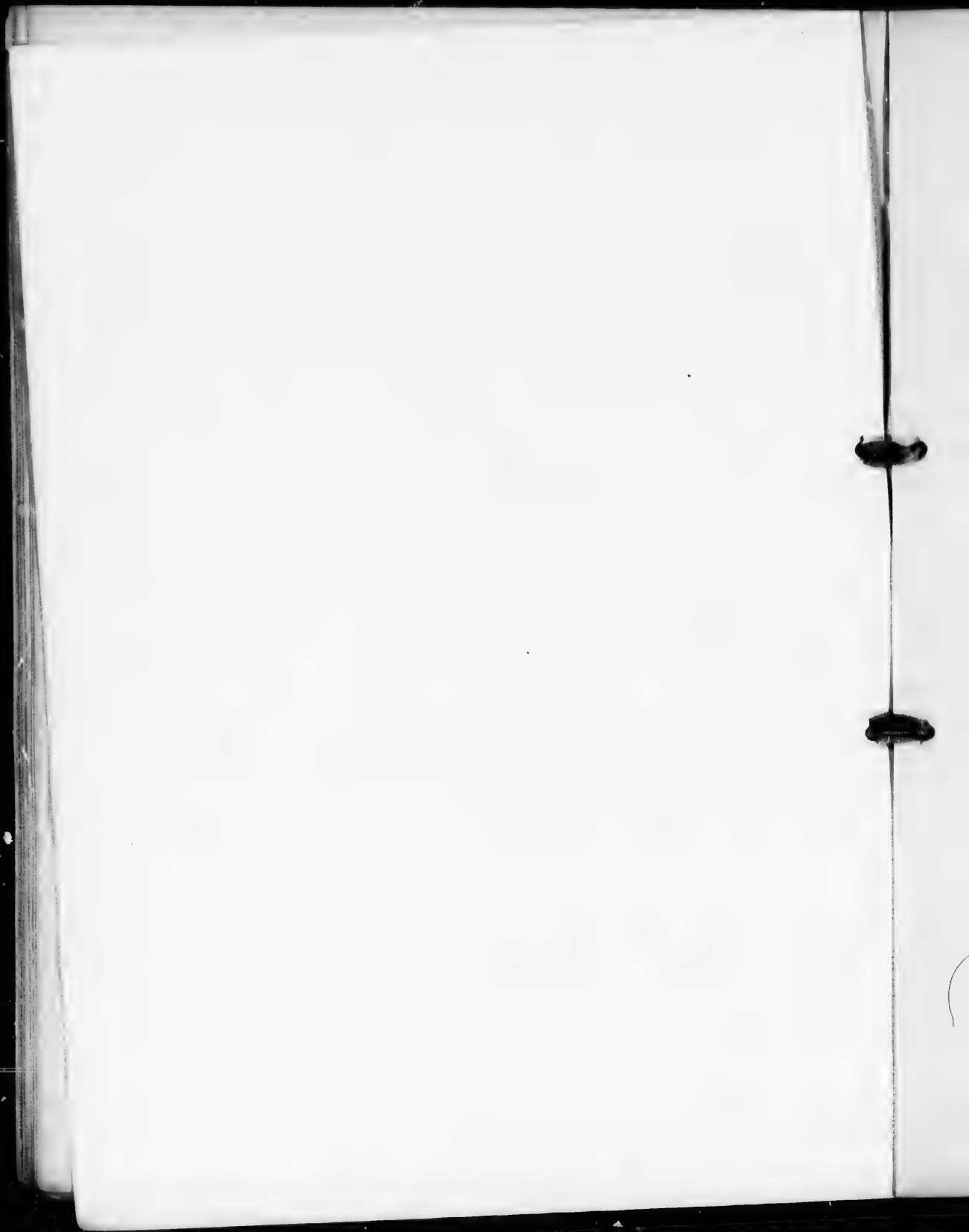
To many 'twas a sadness
Such as few lives have known ;
To some 'twas mighty gladness ;
To us,—loss of our own.

* * *

Letters were there, bright and cheery,
Though few and far between.
Pictures of the fighting-land,
Each new, each wondrous scene.



MISS DALTON



Tales of the merry camp life,
The fighting and the foe ;
Glorious deeds amidst the strife,
Such as only brave souls know.

* * *

There had been a fierce, wild battle,
On that far southern shore,
And then the names—we saw them—
Of those that were no more.

One, only one of many,
But more than all to us.
And yet, for Queen and country,
We gladly gave him thus.

* * *

Banners flutter in the wind,
Cymbals clash 'mid cannon roar ;
Awful scourger of mankind—
War ! mighty war !

“RAVEN.”

Mr. Samuel Pickwick.

THE chief luminary round which the lesser lights of the brilliant constellation known to the world as the “Pickwick Club” respectfully revolved, was recognized by the reading public as Mr. Samuel Pickwick, the gifted author of the celebrated article on “Tittlebats,” a work pronounced by all capable of appreciating so profound a study to be one of the most marvellous achievements of the age.

Intellectually a giant, physically Mr. Pickwick stood five feet four and a half inches in his stockings ; of rotund figure, massive nose and dignified aspect, he made an impressive picture when walking along the crowded thoroughfares, supported on either side by a devoted follower—the poetic Snodgrass, the festive Winkle or the amorous Tupman.

Deep research and profound study had, however, left their indelible impress on his manly form in the scarcity of the hairs adorning the noble brow. Terrific indeed must have been the force of an intellect which could at such an early age sweep every vestige of covering before it as the whirlwind drives the useless chaff.

Genius and generosity strove for mastery in the open Pickwickian countenance, they exuded from every pore of his being, and shone

reflected in the aforesaid head, while each article of apparel—even to the buttons, which were fairly bursting with love and good-will—seemed striving to fulfil its own particular vocation for the welfare of all mankind.

And what a flood of eloquence could burst from those mobile lips! Methinks I see him now, balancing deftly on his toes, then again on his heels, the forefinger of his right hand laid firmly upon the palm of his left, his eyes glowing—not with anger! perish the thought—but with the warmth and strength of his convictions, as he gently but firmly endeavors to convince the sceptics of the club that Tittlebats, at one time in the world's history, perhaps even as far back as the carboniferous period, *must* have had tails.

Thus he stands, a god-like figure for all to behold and admire, and one to which in the coming ages parents will point their children, saying, "This indeed is Genius!"

The Relief Column.



CROSS the hills in the distance,
Purple and green and gray,
The golden sun was setting
In glory far away.

On, in the autumn sunshine,
On, towards the golden west,
Away o'er the hard white roadway
In the twilight we galloped abreast.

From the trees in the forest behind us
Came a low, soft, murmuring moan,
As the north wind stirred their branches
And we rode from their shadow, alone.

On, on midst the lengthening shadows,
Still on in our merciless ride,
Till the darkness of night fell round us
And we pressed to our Captain's side.

He spoke to us once in the silence,
And the stern short words he said
I'll remember till I have fallen
And the grave-sods close o'er my head.

"My men, your work is before you,
"For if we would save the town
"We must reach the gate at midnight,
"And the sun has just gone down."

So on in the breathless silence.
While beneath our feet there rang
The hoofs of the tired horses
With a loud metallic clang.

We rode while the breeze above us
Died down to a solemn peace,
And the world seemed listening around us
For the weary ride to cease.

Never a word said our Captain,
But his eyes were clear and calm,
He knew we were racing deathwards,
As onward the horses ran.

Slowly the lights of the city
Gleamed in our eager view,
And the clock o'er the gate struck midnight
As we signalled and galloped through.

A great cheer went up from the city
And joy-bells pealed through the night,
For the town was saved from surrendering
And the enemy put to flight.

Down the aisles of the dim cathedral
An anthem of praise arose,
For the God of the people had heard them:
The "Relief Guard" had entered St. Clowes.
SYBIL STEWART.

Out with a Village Choir.

IN MY village home of Seagrave, treats are few and far between. One of our great days is that of the Choir treat when we go to the sea-side for the day. Though Seagrave is in the very middle of England (and therefore naturally the "hub of the universe") we can get to the loveliest places on the East Coast and back for four shillings. In the Choir, as a small child wrote in a composition, "there is boys as well as girls" and she might have added "grandfathers and grandchildren." The invitation duly given and accepted, some prosaic details are duly impressed on all, as to bringing their own dinners and shawls, etc.; they are also warned not to turn grey the heads of the three capable old mai—no, I don't mean that, I mean the heads of the three capable new women, who will mother and chaperone the party.

We start at 5.30 a.m., all crowding into milk carts, traps, etc., for a lift to the station. Then the train journey—often a novelty to one or two:—I once had a great shock. The train was stopping for a minute, not at a station or anything. A small boy in my carriage dropped his cap out of the window; before I knew it he was out on the lines. The train was moving as we pulled him up.

At 10.30 we are at the sea. The first sight of the sea is grand, but not always recognised by Midlanders; one of our members thought it was a forest. No sooner arrived, all rush joyfully on to the shore and an encampment is made of boots and stockings, and into the sea, hurry-skurry go twenty pairs of bare feet. How lovely it is, the sand seems to tickle one's feet so kindly, and the little ripples come gently rolling over one's toes! How the little ones squeak at first, but they soon get brave! A small maiden, feeling frightened at first, took my hand and together we walked out to sea, but she soon came to the conclusion that it was not so dangerous as she had thought. "Why," she said, "I thought we should fall in and be drowned."

What curious things one does at the sea—things which would ordinarily shock people dreadfully, are considered quite proper there. As the children get braver, they come asking to be pinned up higher, and such curious little figures some look.

Bathing is the next excitement; someone has been seen playing about in fifteen inches of water and is reported to be "quite a swimmer." So off some of the Seagraveites troop to try their hands (and feet) at swimming. Oh! the delight of being right in the blue, dimpled, laughing, sunny ocean, with the glorious sky above. Do you know the feeling of insult when someone suggests "holding on by the rope," or "are'nt you afraid to go out so far?" when you are trying to get up to your neck at least.

You just revel in the feeling of weakness and nothingness, in the strong arms of the great ocean.

Tea is an important function on these occasions. We have it very early, for two good reasons,—our appetites, and having the first chance with the shrimps. The latter is necessary when the whole place is crowded with excursion parties like ourselves, and we don't get shrimps in Seagrave. Tea ended, there is a general rush to the shore again, and great is the surprise of some at finding the sea has come in and spoiled many of the castles, and mud pies, "How did it get up? Is it a storm or a flood?" is asked on all sides. At sunset all

are hurried out of the water, and with many a last dabble, and the temporary loss of many a shoe or stocking found taking a sail on its own account, the whole flock is collected, marched on to the cliffs, and told to keep together and listen to the band, look at the illuminations and eat supper till it is time to depart. Oh! it is curious how differently time travels withal; our "Swan of the Avon" ought to have added that time gallops withal, with lads and lasses when but half-an-hour remains before the train starts to carry them away from the sea and band and lights. The homeward journey is spent in various ways. Sensible people sleep, others sing or play games. Perhaps a crab suddenly escapes from a basket overhead, and walks crookedly across the carriage, while its captors catch it with many screams. At the home station we are met by one or two kind and anxious fathers and big brothers, who have put duty before pleasure and have stayed at home to help in the harvest field. We all tumble into the carts and get to our homes at about 2.30 a.m. thoroughly tired out and happy, and let us hope more full of brotherly love, and love for God's beautiful world, after our happy holiday.

R. DALTON.

The Pilgrims.



HE night is cold, the hills are high,
"The wind sweeps overhead,
"The road is long, and far away
"Is the city fair," I said.

"When we have climbed a hill, love,
It stretches at our feet;
For every wind that blows, love,
Are hours of sunshine sweet.

So come away and never mind
The wind or weary way,
See now the mist has cleared, love,
It dawns a perfect day."

—HATTIE R. McCURDY.

"The Shades."

OOD morning, Byron," said Scott, as he sauntered into the reading-room of the "Poets' Corner." "Any news in the *Skull and Crossbones* this morning?" (*Skull and Crossbones* was the daily paper of the celestial regions). "Not much," muttered Byron. "Oh! I say! You know where Havergal College is, don't you? In Canada, you know. Well, they've got a very large literature class over there. The only trouble is that they don't seem to appreciate any of our efforts much. They actually refuse to consider me a great genius, and go so far as to accuse me of insincerity. Now, I leave it to you, Scott, wasn't I the worst-treated fellow that ever lived?"

"You certainly had a lot to contend with," sympathized Scott.

"Well, wait till you hear the opinion of a Havergal critic," and Byron read aloud: "Therefore we conclude that Byron was insincere, wrapped up in himself and too fond of painting himself blacker than he really was." Painting fiddlesticks!" he shouted, pacing up and down in a rage. "I certainly decline to write that article on 'Mice and Spiders' that I intended to send them for Ludemus."

"What's the matter with you now? you long-faced failure," called Dickens, as he came downstairs.

"Oh! you won't be any too pleased either, Charley Dickens, when you read how they made fun of your friend Pickwick," grumbled Byron.

"Who made fun of Pickwick?"

"Why those carping busy-bodies at Havergal! I wish they'd give us a little rest; wait till you hear their opinion of his antiquarian discovery—Of course Dickens meant this as a delicate satire on the British Museum."

"What!" roared Dickens. "Here, boy," (to a youth who was dusting off the volumes in the Shades' library.) "Go down to Mr. Pickwick's room and tell him to come up to the reading-room at once, I want him."

"Where is Southey?" inquired Scott at this juncture.

"Oh! he's over in the library with Shelley," growled Byron. "He's always there in the middle of a pile of books. He's reading Kipling's latest now. Some rubbish about an absent-minded beggar. And since Shelley's been made poet laureate of the celestial regions he hasn't left off writing for five minutes. He's trying to compose a sonnet to Baden-Powell now."

"Good morning, gentlemen," piped a voice at Dickens' elbow and they looked around to find the shade of Mr. Pickwick beaming upon them.

"Why, Pickwick, here you are, didn't see you before," cried Dickens, brightening up, "I want to read you an extract from the *Skull and Crossbones*."

He read the criticism again. "Now, honestly, old chap, I had no intention of dealing frivolously with your famous discovery. Those people are the concentrated essence of petrified stupidity, they have placed me in a most embarrassing position. I'm sure you understand my feelings."

But alas! Mr. Pickwick understood nothing. He was quite deaf and hadn't heard a word!

"Were you speaking to me?" he inquired, blandly.

"Oh! go away!" said Dickens, disgusted and out of temper, pushing him rudely to the floor. "You're a silly old frump!"

His language was really becoming rather abusive and might have ended in a most undignified manner had not Southey and Shelley at that moment put in their appearance.

"Shakespeare's down at the theatre and wants us to go down and see one of his new plays," said Southey.

"We dine with him and Hamlet after, so we'll be rather late; you'd better give us your latch-key, Byron," supplemented Shelley.

Shelley got the key and said: "Come on Southey," but Southey was nowhere to be found.

He reappeared in a minute quite out of breath.

"I nearly forgot my 'Shakespeare,'" he panted.

They strolled out discussing Kipling. Scott and Dickens decided to go fishing; and Byron yawning and stretching his arms far above his head, said, "Well! good-bye, fellows. I'm off for a swim."

ADELAIDE M. SHEPPARD.



Children's Corner

Which Would You Rather Be?

QUESTION.



WOULD you like to be a sailor
And sail the wintry seas,
And see the white-caps foaming,
And feel the soft sea breeze?

2. Would you like to be a merchant,
And sell fine cloth of gold,
Or furs from Greenland's mountains
That keep you from all cold?
3. Would you rather be a soldier,
And many battles fight
For your Queen and for your country,
For your God and for the right?
4. And wear many medals on your breast,
That all mankind may see?
Now tell me, little laddie,
Which of these you'd rather be.

POLICEMAN.

ANSWER.

I don't want to be a sailor,
And sail the wintry sea,
For when I wanted my mamma
She couldn't come to me.

I don't want to be a merchant,
If my gain means others' loss,
But I'd love to be a soldier,
And get a Wictowia Cwoss.

By 7 x 2.



T was half-past eight,
And a maiden wee
Had had her breakfast,
Then went to see
Her own pet rabbits
And kittens three.

'Twas a quarter to nine,
 And that maiden wee
 Had finished her play,
 (For lessons must be,)
 So away she went gaily
 From under the tree.
 It was half-past twelve,
 And a maiden wee
 Had done her lessons,
 And was singing for glee,
 But "stay in the garden,"
 Said mother, "till three."



It was half-past two,
 And a maiden wee
 Sat down by the creek
 That ran by the lea,
 And she soon fell asleep,
 Though 'twas only three.
 It was five o'clock,
 And a maiden wee
 Had had no supper,
 And yet no tea,
 For she had been bad,
 But repented, you see
 For she had been lost,
 But was found, you see.

The Two Little Mice.



WO little mice crept out of a hole
One bright fine night of June,
Said they "Why this is very nice ;
I think we will look at the moon."

So they crept very quietly out of the corner
And towards the window they went,
"Oh lovely," said Tiny, "Quite perfect," said Tot,
And they stayed there till night was all spent.
Now these little mice had never before
Been out of their cosy house,
And of course being small, they know nothing about
What a kitty-cat does to a mouse.
Kitty was watching with great green eyes
These two little mice on the mat—
She gave a great spring which made them squeak,
And they hurried away pit-a-pat.

NADINE KERR.

Glory to God in the Highest, on Earth, Peace, Good Will
Toward Men.



^{1.} EAR Bethlehem one quiet night
Some shepherds on a hill
Were sleeping (one was watching)
And the sheep were lying still.

^{2.}
When suddenly a glorious sight
Upon the shepherds shone ;
And a company of angels sang
"Peace, peace the earth upon—"

^{3.}
And the hills around echoed back the sound,
Ten thousand thousand times ten,
"Glory to God in the Highest
On earth, peace, goodwill toward men."

^{4.}
"In Bethlehem this night is born
A Saviour, Christ the Lord ;
Go worship Him this night as King"
And saying this the angel struck the final chord.

^{5.}
Glory to God in the Highest
On earth peace, good will to men
Glory to God in the highest,
Peace upon earth, Amen.

Hockey.



THE professor of 1898 expressed a hope that the team would be more brilliant in '99, but his hopes were not indulged, and not till Feb. 21st, 1900, did a team worthy of the name manifest itself. On the morning of the above date two hundred strong (some weak owing to much exertion in obtaining a desirable place) marched to the Victoria rink to see their comrades play the first (and here I might mention, the last, as for some unknown reason they never played again) game of the season. Surely a more brilliant team never glided over the ice. The "Tawnies" as our opponents were called looked ready to fight to the death, and one of their team in a military jacket dealt rather ferociously with our gallant "Joe" who was heartily cheered by the spectators, many prophesying glorious things for her future hockey career. Captain Strang performed her part admirably and was quite worthy of her important position. The game lasted about an hour in which time the "Tawnies" scored four times, but had the time been longer the Havergalians would no doubt have scored as each game became more difficult for our opponents to win; and with a little more practice I feel certain the results, which were 4—0 in our opponents' favor, would have been different. The homeward journey was full of excitement as we all felt very proud of the manner in which our girls had defended their side and like the professor in '98, may we hope for still greater success in the coming century.

HOCKEY FATALITIES.

Forward G. Browne, finger severely lacerated.

Forward J. Tilt, contusion of the patella.

Forward A. Sheppard, ligaments of the arm severely wrenched.

J.N.G.W.

Kalendar.

1899.



APRIL 13th.—Redemption Oratorio.

APRIL 19th.—School Photo. Riding commenced.
The whole fire department turns out to extinguish an imaginary blaze.

APRIL 20th.—The Pied Piper Cantata.

APRIL 24th.—Pauer's Orchestra.

APRIL 25th.—Lecture by Prof. Hutton on "The Mind of Herodotus."

MAY 3rd.—Prof. Van der Smissen's lecture on Wartburg, illustrated by a pasteboard castle.

MAY 4th.—First and second Form entertainment, Little Red Riding Hood.

MAY 9th.—Lecture on Cromwell. Prof. Wrong.

MAY 11th.—Confirmation at All Saints'.

MAY 19th.—We drove in Tally Ho's to the U.C. Sports.

MAY 23rd.—Lecture on Geology. Mr. Colman.

MAY 30th.—Lecture on "Points for Young Painters." Mr. Wylly Grier. Tennis Tea.

JUNE 1st.—"Old Girls' Club" met but few girls returned. I. Dunnett, E. Green, E. Perry, C. Wade and N. Barnes.

JUNE 2nd.—The At Home.

JUNE 9th.—Pianola Recital given at Mason and Risch's ware-rooms for Havergal.

JUNE 19th.—Dr. Ham gives an organ recital in the Cathedral to a select few.

JUNE 23rd.—Annual Tennis Tournament. Matriculation Form wins.

JUNE 29th.—Farewell address. Music pupils receive their certificates amid loud applause.

SEPT. 12th.—School reopens.

SEPT. 16th.—Charades and dance. Disastrous immersion of Kitty in the fire pail.

SEPT. 21st.—Lord FitzGibbon present at morning prayers.

OCT. 4th.—Mr. Armitage present at prayers.

OCT. 5th.—Alumni of Wycliffe.

Old girls entertain the new girls.

"O wad some po'er the giftie gi'e us

To see oorsel's as ithers see us."

OCT. 13th.—Prize day.
 OCT. 18th.—Thanksgiving holidays.
 OCT. 24th.—Elijah Oratorio.
 OCT. 25th.—Redemption Oratorio. Complimentary tickets were kindly sent us. "Our Boys" left for Halifax.
 OCT. 26th.—Fencing begins.
 OCT. 31st.—Hallow'een Dance.
 NOV. 6th.—Miss Clara Butt's Concert.
 NOV. 9th.—Miss Butt, the Queen of Contraltos, honours Havergal. The girls fall in love with her at once. She favours us with two songs and carries our colours at her recital the following night.
 NOV. 10th.—Havergal gives a programme at Ketchem Hall.
 NOV. 16th.—Lecture on The Army by Mr. Grier.
 DEC. 16th.—Mr. Lloyd's lecture on General Methuen's defeat. Buttons is rather embarrassed as the gaze of the whole school is turned on him.
 DEC. 20th.—Debate. Apparently Chimney Sweeping, superintended by Miss Southron is preferable to all other professions.
 DEC. 21st.—Xmas. holidays.
 DEC. 28th.—Skating rink opens.
 1900.
 JAN. 9th.—School reopens.
 JAN. 12th.—First sleigh drive.
 JAN. 29th.—De Pachmann's Recital.
 FEB. 1st.—Wycliffe Students at tea. Hostess, M. Little.
 FEB. 13th.—Girls' brothers came to tea.
 FEB. 15th.—Male Chorus Concert. The challenge of the Tawny Hockey Team to our Team. Wild excitement.
 FEB. 17th.—First hockey match in which we were beaten 6-0. Wilder excitement.
 FEB. 21st.—Second hockey match. Score 4-0 in the Tawny Club's favour. Wildest excitement.
 FEB. 22nd.—A very enjoyable dance was given by Form V. A.
 MARCH 1st.—Plançon Concert. Two and a half hours waiting and two songs.
 MARCH 2nd.—Second and Third Forms entertained the School.
 MARCH 13th.—A genuine Punch and Judy show given by Form IV.
 MARCH 22nd.—A medley by the Shell and Form V. B.
 MARCH 29th.—The Bible Class came to spend an evening.—John.
 APRIL 19th.—Pillow fight. Three females captured.
 APRIL 11th.—Holidays.
 APRIL 22th.—Return and settle to hard work.

Our Address Book.

- Adderley, Kathleen, Nassau, N.P., Bahamas, West Indies.
 Adderley, Effie, Nassau, N.P., Bahamas, West Indies.
 Adderley, Lillian, Nassau, N.P., Bahamas, West Indies.
 Black, Muriel, c/o Messrs. Pickford & Black, Halifax, N.S.
 Black, Kathleen, Halifax, N.S.
 Browne, Gertrude, 106 Jamieson Ave., Toronto.
 Bradshaw, Olive, c/o J. B. Folingsby, Esq., 23 Spadina Rd., Toronto.
 Brough, Willa, 227 Donald St., Winnipeg, Man.
 Benson, Jessie, Port Hope.
 Bell, Ethel, 25 Bruce Ave., Windsor.
 Bryan, Carl, 161 Kennedy St., Winnipeg.
 Brener, Delia, 233 Horton St., London.
 Bapty, Gertrude, 563 Dundas St., London.
 Beecher, Grace, 41 Campan Bldg., Detroit.
 Casey, Norah, Charles St., Belleville.
 Connolly, Gertrude, Yarker, Ont.
 Cavanagh, Lily, Moosomin, N.W.T.
 Doherty, Ethel, Clinton, Ont.
 Douglas, Madge, Guelph.
 Davies, Della, Todmorden, Ont.
 DeLano, Virginia, Tacoma, Washington.
 Daniel, Juliet, c/o Rev. E. Daniel, Port Hope.
 Douglas, Winnifred, 199 Carlton St., Toronto.
 Evans, Mabel, Orillia.
 Escott, Pearl, 566 Dundas St., London.
 Fraser, Olive, 166 Donald St., Winnipeg.
 Featherstonhaugh, Mildred, 74 St. Matthews St., Montreal.
 Fair, Leila, Collingwood.
 Fortin, Mary, 264 Cargrave St., Winnipeg.
 Fitzgerald, Constance, Charlottetown, P.E.I.
 Ferguson, Mabel, 413 Union Station, Toronto.
 Featherstonhaugh, Pansy, 21 Grove Ave., Toronto.
 Fraser, Blanche, 166 Donald St., Winnipeg.
 Gordon, Ruby, Wallaceburg.
 Gordon, Kathleen, 70 Tranby Ave., Toronto.
 Green, Elsie, c/o Rev. Canon Green, Orillia, Ont.
 Grundy, Georgina, c/o H. L. Marshall, Esq., Chicago, Ill.
 Gill, Berta, Brockville, Ont.
 Gill, Anna, Brockville, Ont.
 Gould, Ada, Port Hope.
 Haddrill, Ruby, Lapeer, Mich.
 Hobbs, Elsie, 509 Wellington St., London.
 Hopkins, Dolly, 439 Sherbourne St.
 Holmes, Edith, c/o Dr. J. K. Holmes, Chatham, Ont.
 Hannington, Hilda, c/o A. H. Hannington, Esq., St. John, N.B.
 Henderson, Kathleen, 309 Prince Arthur St., Montreal.
 Hague, May, 21 North St., Toronto.
 Jarvis, Evelyn, Merchants Bank, Galt.
 Knox, Ethel, St. Philip's Rectory, Birmingham, Eng.
 Little, Mary, c/o J. Sutherland, Esq., Woodstock.
 Lyon, Ida, c/o J. Lyon, Esq., Guelph.
 Laing, Sophia, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
 Lemon, Gladys, Morden, Man.
 Morphy, Irene, Oshawa.
 Martin, Bessie, 223 Colony St., Winnipeg.
 Millichamp, Muriel, 47 Queen's Park, Toronto.
 Martin, Edna, Box 150, Chatham.
 McIntosh, Beatrice, c/o Dr. McIntosh, Newcastle.
 Macdonald, Edith, c/o J. F. Macdonald, Esq., Dunnville.
 McTavish, Grace.
 Nellis, Leila, Simcoe, Ont.
 Polson, Grace, 102 Pembroke St., Toronto.
 Purser, Bella, c/o Mrs. Berry, Marine City, Mich.
 Rogers, Bessie, 29 Roslyn Rd., Winnipeg.
 Richards, Edith, c/o Judge Richards, Winnipeg.
 Richardson, Leatha, Tacoma, Wash.
 Richardson, Annie, Tacoma, Wash.
 Rowand, Edith, 30 St. Patrick St., Toronto.
 Savage, Lotta, Joliette, Que.
 Smith, Bertha, c/o J. D. Smith, Esq., Port Hope.
 Stewart, Francis, Madoc, Ont.
 Shorey, Edith, 76 Redpath St., Montreal.
 Sheppard, Adelaide, c/o S. H. Sheppard, Esq., Orillia, Ont.
 Simon, Ray, 145 Queen's Ave., London.
 Saunders, Clara, 484 Dundas St., London.
 Strang, Hattie, c/o A. Strang, Esq., Winnipeg.
 Symons, Isabel, c/o Mrs. Symons, Winchester St.
 Symons, Marice, c/o Mrs. Symons, Winchester St.
 Tallach, Jean, Ridgetown, Ont.

Tobin, Violet, Fergus, Ont.
Tillson, Eva, Tilsonburg.
Tuck, Isla, c/o S. P. Tuck, Esq., Nelson,
B.C.
Vance, Lottie, c/o W. Vance, Esq., Mill-
brooke.
Weir, Grace, Hamilton.
Wickett, May, Port Hope.
Wade, Mary, Orillia.
Wilson, Meta, Chatham.
Wilson, Katie, 18 Homewood Ave., Hamil-
ton.
Whelen, Inez, c/o P. Whelen, Esq.,
Ottawa.

Wlahart, Effie, 68 Melbourne Ave., Park-
dale.
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Wilson, Reta, c/o H. Bickford Wilson,
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Wilson, Susie, c/o H. Bickford Wilson,
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Watt, Louise, c/o Dr. Watt, Niagara-on-
the-Lake.
Worthington, Pearl, c/o Mrs. Haentschall,
Mattawa.
Willcox, Ella, Parry Sound.



The Enlargement of St. Paul's Church

When we learnt at Havergal that St. Paul's church was to be enlarged, we thought we should like to unite together, both old girls and new, and help to build one corner of it ourselves. We also like to keep a recollection of those who did unite, and the following list contains the names of subscriptions received up to this date. We hope the old girls will not mind still being entered by their christian names. Havergal is our home and we hope the time will never come when old girls who belong to it will wish to be treated with ceremony in it. Several members of the staff have subscribed also. These are the subscriptions of the girls only, both old and new.

Old Girls' Subscription for St. Paul's

Ina M. Bucke.....	\$1 00	Mary Wells.....	\$1 00
Sophie Robinson.....	1 00	Eva Panter.....	1 00
Muriel Cronyn.....	1 00	Ethel Carter.....	1 00
May Hill.....	1 00	Winnifred Hague.....	1 00
Ida H. Dixon.....	1 00	Myra Inkater.....	1 00
Kitty Paterson.....	1 00	Celia Cross.....	1 00
Maude Kennedy.....	1 00	Bessie Tye.....	1 00
Gertrude Girdlestone.....	1 00	Eileen Thompson.....	1 00
Marie Clapp.....	1 00	Bertha Lakes.....	1 00
Dinora Roswell.....	1 00	Nettie Richardson.....	1 00
Laleah Nasmith.....	1 00	Gertrude Savage.....	1 00
Ariel Dewar (Powell).....	1 00	Estelle Northheimer.....	1 00
Lily Haines (Le Pan).....	1 00	Jessie Hamilton.....	1 00
Myria Weaver.....	1 00	Amy Kells.....	1 00
Kate Crampton.....	1 00	Gladys Hunter.....	50
Alice Sylvester.....	1 00	Mary Wade.....	1 00
Emily Drewry.....	1 00	Cicely Humphries.....	1 00
Eleanor Cross.....	1 00	Vivian Scovil.....	1 00
Florence Loucks.....	1 00	Marion Weir.....	1 00
Grace McLaren.....	1 00	Hetty Hines.....	1 00
Izzie Dunnet.....	2 00		
Constance Wade.....	1 00		
Ida Tilt.....	1 00		
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Subscription for St. Paul's From the Girls now at Havergal

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Hilda Moss.....	1 00	Ella Wilcox.....	1 00
Muriel Joseph.....	1 10	Muriel Millicamp.....	1 00
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Nora Blake.....	1 00	Mabel Ferguson.....	50
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Eileen Thompson.....	1 00	Jessie Benson.....	50
Elsie Greene.....	1 00	Adelaide Sheppard.....	1 00
Elma Marriott.....	1 00	Edith Richards.....	1 00
Berta Gill.....	50	Hattie Strang.....	1 00
Anna Gill.....	1 00	Kathleen Henderson.....	1 00
Elsie Hobbs.....	1 00	Kathleen Gordon.....	60
Ethel Knox.....	1 00	Muriel Black.....	1 00
Evelyn Kerr.....	1 00	Evelyn Jarvis.....	50
Inez Whelen.....	50	Edith Holmes.....	50
Ada Gould.....	1 00	Meta Wilson.....	50
Ethel Bell.....	2 40	S. Wilson.....	80
Lilian Jakes.....	1 00	Willia Copland.....	1 00
Bessie Martin.....	1 00	Marie Miller.....	1 00
Carl Bryan.....	1 00		
Mary Burnham.....	1 00		
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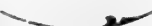
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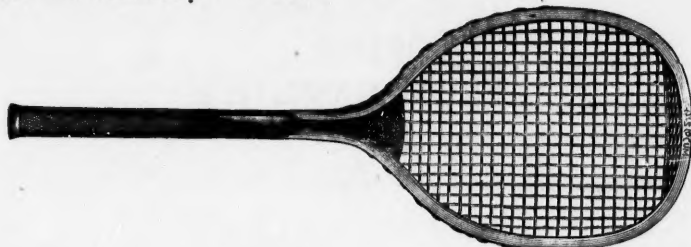
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